

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
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SUSAN AND HER DOLL.

SUSAN SMITH is a dear little girl who always minds her mother and always has a sunny face. She goes to school every day that it keeps, and tries hard to learn. Her teacher says she is the best scholar in her class. Susan plays out-doors some every day when the weather is pleasant. She rolls hoop, jumps rope, and does many other things that little folks find so much fun in doing. But when the weather is stormy, and when she is tired of playing out-doors, she likes to sit down quietly in the house and play with her nice large doll. She calls her doll Fannie, and you would think to hear her talk to her and see her play with her, that Fannie was a live child, and Susan her mother.

Susan is quite an artist. She draws pictures of cats and dogs and horses and hens and a great many other things. You see that she is trying now to sketch her doll. She notices every line of the doll's face, and then tries to draw it just as it is. Pretty soon she will have a picture that will look almost exactly like the doll. The eyes, the nose, the mouth, the cheeks, the hands, the dress, and every thing about her will be natural. Susan is so careful and patient that every thing she does is done well.

THE LITTLE GIRLS AND THE KITTENS.

WE have received the following letters about the picture of the little girls and the kittens in the January number of *The Dayspring*.

A little girl seven years old writes:—

"The mother of these little girls wants them to send away some of their kittens, and they are picking the ones they will send away. The little girl on the left side of the picture has a kitten in her hand, and the mother cat is trying to say: 'Do keep that pretty little kitten.' The cat is looking right in her face. There are three kittens in a basket, and one in the other little girl's arms. I guess they will send away three. I wonder if they will keep the ones that they have in their hands?"

A little girl nine years old, named Bertha, writes:—

"Two little girls were playing in a barn. They found five little kittens in a basket. Nellie is handing Mabel a kitten, and Mabel has one in her arms already. Nellie looks as if she was asking Mabel a question. I do not know what she is saying, but I think she is saying something about the kittens. There are four white kittens, and one black and white one. The name of the old cat is Tiby. She looks as if she was asking Nellie and Mabel not to hurt her babies. I think they are nice little girls and will not hurt them."

Bertha counted only four kittens, but we think there are five, and so have corrected her letter a little.

Another writes:—

"In this picture I see Lizzie and Annie playing with their pet kittens. The little kittens in the basket on the floor look as if they wanted to be petted too. There are five kittens and a mother cat. I think the mother cat wants the kittens that Annie

and Lizzie have. Annie and Lizzie are sisters and live in the country. I think they have no father, but they have a mother. They are very happy, and always try to be good and kind, as all little girls should."

A little boy named Philip says :—

"I think this picture suggests numerous thoughts, though I have not room for them all. The old cat has five kittens, two of which seem to be favorites. The smaller little girl has kept the prettier one for herself, and given the other to her sister, while the old cat is looking wistfully at the older one's face, as though to say, 'Treat them gently, and don't keep them too long, for I can't spare them.' The children found the kittens in the barn, stowed away in a little hole in the hay. The three in the basket are struggling to get out, as though they wanted to be petted too. Let us hope that they will not be drowned, as most kittens that are not chosen at once by the children are. All five of them look so cunning and pretty that I should not have much choice."

A little girl who has written two or three times before says :—

"These little girls have hunted up the old cat and little kittens and are going to have a good time playing with them. Old mother pussy sits there with her paw held up, just as if she were saying to them, 'I don't want you to take them away one mite. If you do I shall certainly follow. I know you love them very much, but little girls sometimes forget that kitties feel very uncomfortable squeezed hard, and then you may forget and leave them where your big brother Harry will see them.' We all know what boys do with cats. I could tell lots of things I have to do with mine when Robbie is round. Auntie May says I must stop : 'but O, you five dear,

cunning little pussies, I wish I had you this minute."

Now let us see what our little readers have to say about the second picture in this month's *Dayspring*.

A LETTER FROM COUSIN ANNIE.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—A few weeks ago I wrote a letter to the younger children about cats, and how they should be treated, which the editor was kind enough to print in the January *Dayspring*. I have a word now to say to the older children (and I would gladly reach their parents and friends) upon a subject which lies very near my heart,—I mean the care of pets. What I have to say will apply in a general way to all animals kept as pets, but more especially to birds. Birds are confined ; their natural habits are more interfered with than those of any other animals kept as pets. And now at the outset let me confess frankly that I have kept birds for many years, that I have now fifteen, and that, having had birds for so long, I should be very lonely without them. But—*mark this*—I have not a bird which was not hatched and brought up in a cage. I have not one which could live or take care of itself in the open air. Nothing would tempt me to take a wild bird and shut it up in a cage. I cannot express strongly enough my indignation at the cruelty or thoughtlessness—which is, cruelty—of those people who will confine, or will allow a child to confine, a bird which has known what it is to be free. But the case is different with canaries and with a few other birds which are rarely seen out of the store of the bird dealer—they cannot take care of themselves. I am sorry so many birds are bought and sold ; I am sorry the business is increasing as it so surely is ; and the reason

I am sorry is that while so many persons say they are fond of birds and wish to have one, so few really love them enough to inform themselves how they should be treated, and then take the pains to give them the care they need. If you have a bird, you are *bound* in return for the pleasure it gives you to make it just as comfortable and happy as possible. This, I say, you are *BOUND* to do. And to do this you must have it constantly in your mind. It must have enough and not too much food and water, and of the proper kind, and at the proper times; you must know where it is, whether in too blazing sunshine, or in a draught, or in too hot or too cold a room; whether any harm can come to it from cats or otherwise. I think I may safely say that I never leave home for an hour without at least thinking of my birds before I go, whether they can need any thing before my return. And all this you must do each day and every day in the year, never forgetting your pet any more than you do your own comfort. But you will very likely say, "I cannot burden my mind with so much thought for a bird." "Very well," I reply, "then you have *no right* to keep a bird at all." "But," you say, "other people keep birds and are not so very particular about them, and they seem to do very well." This is partly true. Canaries, unfortunately, can stand a good deal of neglect, and live, but does that excuse the neglect? I hardly ever ride out in the summer without feeling positive pain at seeing poor little prisoners hung against a wood or brick wall in a broiling sun, or in a chilly morning or evening in a cold wind. Or I call on a friend in the evening, and in a brightly lighted room see the poor little bird, unable to go to sleep; perhaps, as my friend boastingly tells me, he sings often till the lights are put out. But this is not right nor natural; he should tuck his

head under his wing in the dark at sundown. I am sometimes asked by my friends to give them a bird. I do occasionally do so, but *never*, unless I am sure that the friend to whom I give it can be trusted to take care of it as well as I try to do, and will do it *herself*, and not leave it to a servant. You see I am very much in earnest in what I say, and I hope you will heed

COUSIN ANNIE.

Jan. 16, 1881.

For The Dayspring.

WINTRY DAYS.

IN lines of glittering white
Old Winter writes his name,
And loud in boisterous, high-voiced winds
Tells deeds of boastful fame.

The babbling brooklet stands,
Bound with a silvery chain,
Surprised to see itself bedecked,
And voiceless still remain.

The trees their empty arms
Toss to th' unheeding sky,
As Rachel's wail, as those of old,
All comfortless, they cry.

But safe each precious germ
Of life in tree and flower
Is kept in earth's warm, brooding heart,
Till God's own chosen hour.

So let us learn to wait
If our lives leafless seem,
And wintry storms bring darkened skies
Without one sunny gleam;

And do our Father's will,
Bear cheerfully our cross,
And struggle on, though blindly we
Oft count our gain as loss.

A. D. D.

Do as you would be done by.

NEVER show levity when people are engaged in worship.

For The Dayspring.

SOME LITTLE DOGS.



IP was a Skye terrier, a shaggy little dog, with bright brown eyes, and movements almost as quick as thought. She was very fond of her mistress, and sure that she belonged to her alone. For a long time she would not go to walk with any one else, even the lady's husband, without first going to her, and asking permission in her way, wagging her tail and looking from one to the other. If the lady answered, "Yes, you may go," she would scamper off, sure it was all right. She loved the children dearly, and would creep up the back stairs to the nursery very early in the morning, and have a good play with them; then she would run down through the kitchen into the garden, and around to the dining-room by another door. She had a plan in this, and never went directly from the nursery to the dining-room. She did not mean to have it known that she had been upstairs without invitation. She knew about what time her master and mistress would come to breakfast, and they always found her lying on the mat, ready to meet them.

Her master usually took a walk in the garden after breakfast with Nip's company. By the time breakfast was over, Nip was eager to get out-doors, and if he lingered longer than usual before lighting his cigar, she would walk round and round him, *sneezing* to remind him. They were sure she understood many of their words, especially when they were talking of any thing that concerned her. If one said to the other, "Really, I don't believe John has washed that dog for ever so long,"—even if she seemed sound asleep by the fire, and did not move an ear, she was sure to be out of sight and hearing soon afterwards.

One morning Nip ran into the house in great glee, "upstairs and downstairs, and in the lady's chamber," till she found her mistress. She pulled her dress, jumped around her, barked, and in every way she could, coaxed her to follow. She led the way to the stable, and with the greatest pride and pleasure, showed her a little family. Every day afterwards, till they could run about, she came to the house, and caressed her master and mistress for five or ten minutes, and then ran back to her puppies. She did not come for food, as that was always carried to her, but to see her friends and let them know that, though she loved her babies, she did not forget them.

One day her master found a leveret, or young hare, whose mother had died. He carried it home and gave it to the dog. She nursed it with her own puppies, and was just as kind to it as to them. But after a while the little creature died, and Nip pawed a hole in the ground and buried it, grieving over it as if it were her own.

A Skye terrier, named Fido, was one of Nip's near neighbors. He knew as well as any one what time in the morning to expect the postman. When the bell rang he would scamper to the door, and take the letters in his mouth. Sometimes there were eight or ten; but he never failed to bring them all safely to his mistress, and put them in her lap. Then he would stand quietly by her side and wait for a lump of sugar, which he was sure to get as his pay. When his master and mistress came home from a walk, he would bring their slippers; first his master's, which were close by, and then hers from upstairs. If a visitor came in with them, he would bring an extra pair. He would sit up very erect in a chair, and "sing" for cake. If his music were more comical than sweet, the little dog certainly

did his best; and what can a Prima Donna do more? If his reward were not speedily forthcoming, he would grow tired, and change his whine for a short bark that said, "I'm sure I've sung enough. Why don't you give me my cake?"

Dash was another wise little dog, that every morning carried the newspaper to his master. He used to sit at the door and watch for the news-boy, who always gave him the paper. He would take it in his mouth and go to his master; but never allow him or any one else to have it, till he received a piece of bread and butter. This he seemed to consider a fair payment for the errand.

Fred was a Skye terrier, living in Dorchester, England. During the Franco-Prussian war his master took a daily paper. For several days, he went for it himself, taking his dog with him, and Fred usually carried it home. One morning his master only told him to bring the paper, and the little dog went directly to the shop and looked anxiously at the man who had charge. He understood him and gave him the one his master wanted. After that, Fred went every morning, and would wait if the papers had not come. One day, to try him, the man folded a sheet of paper and offered it to him, but he would not touch it.

Another dog, a setter, used to bring the "Times," his master's paper, to the house from the gate, where it was left every day. One morning he went to the gate as usual, but came back without any thing. Some one of the family went out to see if the paper had been left. There was one lying by the gate, but it proved to be the "Morning Post," the boy having made a mistake. Not every dog would be able to detect it, but this one was very observing as well as intelligent. Of course he did

not know the letters, but noticed a difference in the two papers.

A child, four years old, was left alone in the kitchen by a careless nurse, while she was busy in the attic, out of hearing as well as sight. The poor child's clothes took fire from a lighted candle. There he was, in peril of his life, and all alone except for a pet terrier. But what power had the little dog, loving and faithful though he was, to help the boy? He did all he could, and it was enough. He ran upstairs, barking with all his might; grasped the girl's dress, and would not let her alone until she followed him downstairs. She was in time, and the child escaped with only some slight burns.

The child of a poor washwoman, left alone while she was out at work, was in the same awful danger, when a Scotch terrier, belonging to another family, dashed through the closed window-sash, and with his teeth and paws tore off the burning clothes!

A child belonging to an English family living in Australia was out one morning with a little dog, his usual playmate. When dinner-time came, the boy could not be found. His parents had not thought of looking for him before, as he was used to playing out, and had never strayed away. But there was the "bush," as it is called, reaching for many miles around, and doubtless he was lost in its dense wilds. The father gave the alarm to his neighbors, and hour after hour they traversed with him the tangled bush till they were nearly worn out; but without finding the slightest trace of the boy. The mother was distracted with grief and anxiety. She knew only too well the dangers of the bush; its pathless wild, the bears and other beasts that roamed in it after night-fall.

Just at evening, the little dog, that no

one had even thought of, came to the door, and barked and scratched furiously, begging to be followed. Right into the bush he led the way, three or four miles from home, to a river. There on the bank sat the lost boy, safe and well. M. J.

For The Dayspring.

WHAT A SNOWFLAKE DID.

A STORY IN VERSE, BY LOUISE L. BELL.

FROM earth away, dear children,
Far through the blue of the sky,
Lies that city called Cloud-Land,
The Snowflake's home upon high.
These winged creatures live there,
Dressed all in garments of white;
From morn till eve, my darlings,
They seek but their own delight.

Oft they sit on fleecy clouds;
Rosy or golden of hue,
While for hours they sail away
Through miles of the ether blue.
Again they clasp snowy arms
Around each sister so fair,
And they whirl in mazy dance,
While laughter rings on the air.

These little elfs, dear children,
Were not made to sport all day,
No more than were you, young Tom,
Laughing Nell, or rosy May;
No more than were the wee birds,
Or the sweet flowers which fade,
Or aught that the wise Father
For some good purpose hath made.

From out this band of sisters,
There's but one amongst them all
Who thinks upon her duty,
And this one "Tiny" they call.
"I'd like to do some good deed,
If I might before I die;
Yet I'm much too small, I fear,"
Murmurs Tiny, with a sigh.

But, "I'll try," at length she says;
Then straight toward earth she flies,
For knows she well, does Tiny,
Where the Snowflake's mission lies.

And when her tired wings she'd rest,
The earth is so far away, —
Kind wind lifts her to his back,
And carries her so all day.

Tiny's sisters, every one,
Return from their sport at night,
In time to see this wee flake,
As she takes her earthward flight.
"Look there!" cry all together,
"We'll join her, it's not too late!"
So hand in hand, the Snowflakes
Hasten to follow their mate.

"Hurrah!" cry the earth children,
For with upward looks they spy,
First Tiny, then her sisters,
Floating down from out the sky.
"Hurrah for skates and sliding!
For the snow has come at last.
Now for a jolly time, boys!
See! the flakes are falling fast."

"Come put your arms about us,
And cover us e'er we die;
Dear Snowflakes, come, come quickly,"
The poor cold flowerets sigh.
When these chilly ones are warmed,
When children have had their fun,
When the whole earth rejoiceth,
Then Tiny's mission is done.

The moral of this story
Can be most easily read;
Must I tell it, dear children,
Or will you guess it instead?
If one dear little Snowflake
Can do such a deal of good,
How much more could a child do,
That is, — if only he would!

THE wise and active conquer difficulties
by daring to attempt them.

BEGIN life with character if you wish to
add to it as you pass along.

THE hardest life a person can lead on
earth, the most full of misery, is to be
always doing his own will, and seeking to
please himself.

SAVING THE SAWDUST.

MAHOGANY tables are not made of solid mahogany, nor are rosewood bureaus made of solid rosewood. They are veneered; that is, thin slices of rosewood or mahogany are glued on common wood. A few years ago they sawed a stick of rosewood or mahogany into strips for veneering. Of course, a great deal of the valuable wood was lost in sawdust; as much as half of it was wasted. But a machine has been invented which does away with the saw in this work. It shaves instead of saws, and by shaving off the slices nothing is lost, and the saving on a log of rosewood is said to amount to not less, in some cases, than five hundred dollars.

Perhaps you would have said, "What is the use of caring about a little sawdust? The waste is not much." Waste counts up. Here were five hundred dollars wasted or saved. Yes, boys, waste counts up. Waste minutes, waste opportunities, waste words, waste pennies, they count up. A person is a great loser by them; and it makes all the difference in the world as to what his character is worth, whether he has wasted or saved the sawdust of his life, — frittered it away, or used it in little advantages and smaller means. — *S. S. Visitor.*

It often happens that those of whom we speak least on earth are best known in heaven.

To bring forward the bad actions of others to excuse one's own, is like washing ourselves in mud.

THE little boy who never learns to taste liquor, to utter an oath, or pollute his lips with tobacco, will make the best kind of a temperance man.

HUMOROUS.

A MISS NANNIE WILLIAMS has become the wife of Mr. Goat of Stephenville, Texas. She is now Mrs. Nannie Goat.

"That stove saves half the fuel," said an ironmonger. "Faix, thin, I'll take two of thim, and save it all," replied his customer.

At a ragged school in Scotland the question was asked, "What sort of a bed is a down bed?" A little boy answered, "It's a bed on the floor, sir."

"Don't be afraid," said a fop to a German laborer; "sit down and make yourself my equal." "I would haff to blow my prains out," was the reply of the Teuton.

"What did the Puritans come to this country for?" asked a Massachusetts teacher of his class. "To worship in their own way, and make other people do the same," was the reply.

A little girl four years old, seeing the moon one evening, just as a light cloud was passing over it, said, "Oh! papa! I guess the moon is crying. See! it has just wiped its eyes with its handkerchief."

A prettily dressed little girl fell on a muddy street-crossing the other day, and a gentleman hastened to her assistance. After cleaning off her clothes he asked her if he shouldn't escort her home. "No thir," answered the dignified little damsel; "if you please, we ain't been introduced."

The little girl rattled it off as if she knew it by heart: "Why do ducks put their heads in the water? For divers' reasons. Why do they take them out? For sundry reasons. Why do they put them in again? To liquidate their little bills. Why do they take them out again? To make a run on the banks."



For The Dayspring.

THE SISTERS' SOCIETY.

BY KATE GANNETT WELLS.



OTHER has changed so much lately," said straight-haired Nancy, "that I can't put up with it any longer."

"Neither can I," answered curly-headed Lucy; "when she used to look sober, I thought it was because she was thinking what to have for pudding; and now if I ask her what makes her look so, she says it is we children, and that she is anxious."

"Well," replied Nancy, "I don't know how it feels to be anxious, but it makes you look old-fashioned and dowdy. Sarah says it comes from thinking, and that that makes you anxious and not stylish-looking."

"Sarah doesn't know as much as she thinks she does. I know what has done it. Don't you tell, and I'll tell you. Mamma belongs to a society where they talk about children and how to make them mind; and when they don't mind, they think of something they can do to make us behave, and that's hard work, you know; and it makes her look anxious, because she has tried all sorts of things to make us good and we are not particularly good after all."

"I know," exclaimed Nancy. "Oh, won't it be fun! I know, *we* will have a society. It will be such fun, and we will keep it secret, and then by and by mamma will wonder what makes the children so good, and we'll know it is because of us, and she'll think it is all owing to her society."

"Oh, yes," said Lucy; "and we can meet in some cubby-hole and no one will find us."

"Cubby-hole! that shows you don't know about a society; we must have a

church or a hall,—or a barn, that's just as good,—and we could hide behind the hay when we have to speak."

"Hide when you speak, why, you are —"

"Nancy, Lucy," called their mother's voice, "you'll be late at school; come, here are your books, scarfs, hoods, cloaks, mittens, luncheons, skates, sleds, books, —"

"O mamma, we can't skate and coast, and eat and study, but we are going to have fun; you'll wish you were one of us and you can't be;" and off they ran, punching each other to keep silence, and leaving their mother in a state of puzzled and amused fear.

Nancy and Lucy were sisters, and good little girls too, though they often thought they knew far more than they did. Nancy was fond of insisting upon her rights, and was bothered in finding out what they were; and Lucy liked long words, and said Hercules when she meant to say she had a Herculean, or a very hard, lesson to learn. They dearly loved their mother in spite of their threat that they couldn't put up with her any longer. Lately their mamma and several other ladies had met together in a vestry and had talked about the best ways of bringing up children, and Nancy and Lucy fancied that their mother talked about them, and that Sarah's mother talked about her; in short, that every mamma talked about her own little girl and boy, when not a mamma said a word about her own child, only about other people's children. When night came and each child was tucked in between sheets, and looked smooth and happy and just as if it wanted to be talked to and played with all night instead of going to sleep, and Lucy and Nancy's mother kissed them and hoped they would try to do right all the next day, these funny children fancied that

their mother was repeating what she had heard at the vestry, forgetting that she had always talked thus to them; only if children grow good slowly, the mother looks anxious. And that's just what this story is about, to tell you how these girls and many others became good, only it was through such a funny way that you needn't be afraid of the story.

After school Nancy beckoned to Sarah, and Lucy gave Mary a very secret sign, by placing her right forefinger at the corner of her left eye, that she should go to the Buttercup House. This was a shanty where maple sugar was made in the spring, and which afforded a safe retreat when a great secret was to be told. The four girls met there, each going a different way, and when there each girl put her forefinger against the corner of the left eye and said, in a deep voice, *Fungus, Dungus, Bungus, Salve*, as a pass-word; then they entered and behaved like ordinary girls.

"What's up now?" asked Mollie.

"Something very important," replied Nancy. "We are going to start a society and perhaps you may be President, and p'raps you won't be, and it is going to make all the children behave themselves. You see we grown-up ones don't, and so our mothers talk us all over and we have become a great deal better since they talked so much and got so many ideas about us which they did not know before, so Lucy and I thought we'd see what we could do with the children."

"Jolly!" said Mollie. "If I am not President, I can be Treasurer and buy the candy and cake, and I know where I can get them real cheap."

"Oh, this isn't to be that kind of a society; that's when you sew and eat so as to make it easy; this is to be a paper society, a thinking society. You know

you've got to think some time or other, and this is a good way to begin."

"Oh, yes," interrupted Sarah; "I know the kind you mean, where you put your ideas into words; that's what they say is so hard to do, but *we* can do it real easy, and we can write a paper, you know, that's nothing but a grown-up composition. Won't it be fun! Let us begin to-morrow."

"Oh, but we must have more girls," exclaimed Nancy, "and how many children? You can take my two brothers; Tom is seven and Ned is nine, and you have a sister, and she has very bad ways in something, hasn't she? My brothers have; and, Mollie, you have lots of cousins, all kinds, and they are all bad; that's enough to begin with, and we'll each ask another girl and then there will be eight of us."

"Yes," said Nancy, "let us say we'll come here Wednesday at three o'clock, and—I guess—I better write the first paper, because I am more used to it—I mean it was my idea," she added, as she saw the others laughing; "but, Sarah, you ought to be President, because Fred Jones says you have so much style. Oh, dear, *what* shall we talk about?"

"I know," said Mollie; "let us talk about white lies, they slip out so quickly, and you don't feel so badly about them when they do. Your brothers tell them."

"Well, so do your cousins."

"But they won't," interposed peace-loving Lucy, "after we have had a society for it. Shall we tell the children we are going to have it for them?"

This was a difficult question; one thought they had better come and sit on the floor, and hear themselves talked about, and feel badly; and another said they would not like it and would not sit still, and that the society ought first to teach the

sisters themselves how to make the children mind without flying into a temper with the little ones. Finally it was agreed that as this was to be called the Sisters' Society, only sisters should come, and they parted to meet in three days.

Nancy became very quiet and busy, anxious-looking, her mother thought. She wrote and wrote, and tore up into finest shreds what she had written, till the air seemed full of snowflakes. By three o'clock, however, she had filled four pages of letter paper, and proudly started to meet the other girls, who were all punctual at Buttercup House, full of delight and curiosity.

"Oh, begin! let us begin!" was their cry.

"Well," said Nancy, "if it is all settled that Sarah is to be President, there is no use in wasting time. You seem to have fixed every thing."

"Why, some one had to, and you proposed it yourself. You can be Treasurer. We will all pay a cent each time, and that will pay for the paper we shall use up; let us pay now, to make sure."

Each girl found a cent; the President took the only chair in the shanty, and the rest sat on boxes. "Make a speech!" they cried.

"I know what to do," answered Sarah, provoked. "I have been to meetings." So she stood up and said, "Ladies and gentlemen!" they all laughed; "I mean gentlemen and ladies!" they laughed again. "Oh, I mean ladies only!" at which the laugh was still louder. "This is a society, the Sisters' Society; we have all brothers and all little sisters, and boy cousins, and they all tease us, and we tease them and make them do our errands, and they say we are real mean; and this society is to try and make us better and make

them mind us more and not be so selfish and plaguing as we are. We are going to talk about their faults, and I shall tell you just what your faults are."

"And can't we tell you yours?" interposed a voice.

"Oh, yes," said Sarah, "even if I am President, we all must find fault with each other until the children are good, for as long as they are naughty, it is ever so much our fault; we might be pleasanter with them."

"That's true," said some one, "I might be ever so much better."

"Yes, you might," said Mollie, "and so might I. I get real cross when I have to dress my little sister, and I want the time to take the crimps out of my hair carefully; but she is so cunning that I feel mean."

"Yes," said Becky, "what a bother it is to feel mean; when Joe wanted me to sew 'B. L. S.' on his cap, just because he had got into the Boston Latin School, I snubbed him and began to sew it on upside down, and he said I was just like a girl; well, it was mean in me, but I never thought of it till I came here and belonged to this society. Shan't I be good now!"

"Hush!" said the President. "You can't right off. You'll have to be a member a good while before you are. It is time to really begin. Nancy is going to read a paper, and it will be pretty good for her."

Then they all laughed again, crossed their knees under them, and sat still while Nancy began.

"Oh, no!" said the President, "you must stand up and throw your voice out, just as I did, so we can hear you."

"Fudge!" declared Nancy, rising. "I should think you were all deaf. I am not going to declaim as boys do. I'm just going to read a paper; it is about White

Lies." And she raised her voice and put forward one foot and threw back her shoulders, as if she were going to take aim. "To tell white lies, ladies, is a very bad habit; it is bad because it is bad, and because you don't know when you do it; and so as you don't know when you are doing it, you can't break yourself of it. But it has got to be done, because it is a very bad thing. No one will believe you, and you will be just like Willy Lane."

"Oh, you must not give names!" called out one of the girls, "that is not fair."

"Yes, it is," said Nancy, "when I want an illustration. It is not fair to interrupt."

"Order!" shouted the President.

"It is just like Willy Lane," continued Nancy; "when he says so many polite things to all the girls and sends valentines to all, no one believes he is in earnest; and when he really does like any one in particular, just as he does Almira Jones, you can't be sure of it. There's another kind of white lies that's a great deal worse than that, and that's when you tell a girl with red hair that an old-gold colored bow is becoming. You say so because you know she hasn't any other; but it is not fair, for she goes on wearing it when she needn't, and she somehow expects you to keep on saying how becoming it is, and as you did say so once, you can't go back on it, and it gets to be very awkward, and that's the way with white lies. They are mighty awkward scrapes, and a lie is a scrape, I tell you, and nothing else; and there isn't any need of getting into scrapes unless you are a fool, and girls aren't fools; boys are. Just see the way they get caught in a white lie, when they needn't have begun on it.

"It is a white lie when you say you are glad to see Susie Derrick or anybody else like her."

"Oh, for shame!" cried several voices.

"There you are, white lying again," said Nancy impetuously. "Wait till I get through. Now, you know none of you are glad to see her, and you needn't say any thing about your feelings, and you need not kiss her as a make-up for not liking her. Just keep quiet and say, 'I hope you are very well, and do you want to play croquet?' If you don't want to and she does, why, you'll be real good and she'll have a nice time, but she won't be so likely to come soon again as if you had said you were bunkum glad to see her, and you won't have told any white lie.

"The last and worst kind of white lie is when you want to defend yourself. Be brave and own up and don't do a mean thing, for your own sake. You know what I mean; when we have been rude to a girl we say it is because we were tired or didn't think, and neither reason is an excuse. And so we go on excusing ourselves about our lessons and practising, and tell the teacher we were interrupted or had to go on an errand, — and perhaps we did, but we need not have been an hour doing it; and if we had got up early, we could have done our practising before breakfast. It is always a white lie to say it is some one's else fault that we have done wrong or could not help it. Then when we come home late from school we say a boy made us late; and when we lose something we say we don't know where it is, and we have a headache and can't go to school.

"Now this is what we must do about it. When the children talk so, we must look at them sharp and say, 'None of your tricks, I see right through you; you know you lost it, or you made yourself late.' Let them see they can't deceive us and then they will be honest. We must be very careful ourselves to set them a good example, and not

pretend to like people when we don't. Then let us all promise not to tell a white lie for one week."

"Agreed!" shouted all the girls. "I never thought so much about it before; lies are mean, and the whiter they are the meaner," added one of them.

"All come again a week from to-day," said the President; "bring your cents and tell what you have done, and two weeks from to-day we'll have another paper."

The week soon passed, and the girls met again at Buttercup House, each with so much to tell that the President had hard work to establish order. Each talked to her neighbor instead of waiting till all could hear. At last they kept their seats and were silent, and the President called on Nancy to begin.

"Well," said Nancy, "it was very discouraging — a great deal harder than I expected. When I told my little sister she had told me a white lie about her practising, and that she needn't have put it off, she said I only talked so because I wanted the parlor all to myself, and that made me get provoked; and when I tried to explain it to her she cried, and mamma said I did more harm than good, and that's the way it was all the time. That's all I have got to say. Jenny comes next."

"I got along better," began Jenny, "for my brother told such an awful big one and the consequences were so bad that he was frightened. I told him he just escaped state prison for life and of course he was scared, and he's been good ever since. Now, Mollie!"

Poor Mollie blushed and trembled, and in a faltering tone said, "I haven't done any thing to the children, for when I thought about it, I saw I told so many that I guessed it would be better for me to give them up before I began preaching to others,

and since then I have not told any whole one, only two halves, cut right off short, but it is the toughest work I have done since I was born. I'm afraid of myself." And she gave a deep sigh.

"Annie, it is your turn," said the President.

"Is it? I am glad, because I want to say before I forget it, that I heard Mollie's mother tell my mother that Mollie had been such a help to her this week, for she had not lost any time and strength in excusing herself, if you know what that means. I only know I am tired all out when I dilly-dally. Now about we girls. I decided to take the easiest way, — lump it, you know; so I got the children into a corner and talked to them till they were so scared that they didn't dare to breathe when they got into bed; but pretty soon every one of them woke up screaming, — such a racket! — and mamma said it was all my fault, — want of judgment. Oh, dear! that's all, and it is enough."

It was now Sarah's turn. "I took a different way," she said. "I didn't get angry with the boys, only when they made excuses. I said in a superior way, 'That's no use, I see through you.' 'No you don't,' said they. 'Yes, I do,' said I, quiet as a mouse, and by and by I heard Harry tell Charlie it wasn't any use to pretend to me, I had grown so wise; they might as well stop excusing themselves. But oh, my! didn't I have to be careful, lest they should catch me. This society will do us sisters more good than any one else, you have to be so careful if you are going to preach."

The others told their experiences, and then the conversation grew more general, till it occurred to one of them that they must have a badge. Half of the girls were appointed to decide upon the device, whilst

the other half were told to draw up a resolution. At the end of ten minutes the two committees whispered to the President, and then she announced the result of their conclusions in the following way :—

"Now keep still, and stand up just as you do in church when it is all over, and remember you must each buy a piece of dark navy-blue ribbon, five inches long and two broad, and work upon it in white silk, 'S. S.', for Sisters' Society. Then we have decided, that is, made a resolution, that we will meet once a fortnight and each write a paper in turn about something; and another resolution is, that we must be careful to find fault with ourselves first. There! I have not spoken the way men do when they make resolutions in meetings, but you know what I mean; and this last is my own idea, so I shan't make a mistake. Don't a single one of you tell a word about our society, or you can't be a sister any longer, and the boys will laugh at us. There! that's all."

"Good for you," said Jenny, "now hands around, grand right and left, and each time we take each other's hand, say *Bungus, Dungus, Fungus*, and when you come to *Salve*, drop it quickly with a pinch thrown in, and go on to the next. Begin! Then you know we can't tell."

She put out her right hand, the girls formed in a ring, laughing and screaming at hard pinches. They went through this mysterious performance, without which or something like it they never left Buttercup House; and then they took their homeward way to the brothers, sisters, and cousins who were waiting for them, unconscious of the benefits to be received.

WE waste our time in moments, our money in dimes, and our happiness in trifles.

For The Dayspring.

CAREFUL GARDENER.

Hymn for Tender Blossoms.

CAREFUL Gardener! Father dear!
Gently to your flowers here
Send the sunshine and the rain,
Let them lift their heads again.

Without your care they wilt and die,
Let them in your love-light lie.
Then they feel no fear of harm,
When sheltered by your Holy Arm.

Let them grow from year to year
To beauty, and to you more near,
Until at last, when flowers are blown,
Cull them for your Happy Home.

H. J. C.

THERE are two sisters so much alike, that the younger is often taken for the elder. Their names are Wisdom and Silence.

IN telling what was done or said be very careful not to add any thing. If you should add a little, and another a little, and so on until a dozen had told it, why, just see what a big thing it would be! Then, when you tell any thing, tell it right, and as you grow older you will be found truthful, and can be trusted.

THERE is a messenger boy in New York who will probably not have much trouble in holding his own in this world. Sent by his employers for some money at the bank, he was counting the money when a bystander said, "You've dropped a bill." Recollecting the game, instead of stooping down, he put his foot on the bill and continued counting. When through he picked up the bill and was walking off, when the bystander remarked, "I guess I was mistaken. I must have dropped the bill myself." "I'll keep it to remember you by," said the boy as he went away.

CHANNING AND THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT IN AMERICA is the title of a series of Sunday-school Lessons prepared by Rev. W. C. Gannett, and published by the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society, 75 Madison Street, Chicago. "These twelve Lessons," says the author, "are intended as a six months' course for the older children and the adult classes. They are outlines for conversations, and can be used effectually only by a teacher willing to work. They aim to show what the essence of Unitarianism is by using the combined light of biography, history, and doctrine to illustrate it." These Lessons are prepared with care, and suggest plenty of topics for conversation. Those who use them must resolve to study hard, and be careful that they keep to the main subject, as there is great danger of being diverted from it by the many side issues which Mr. Gannett starts. We think that justice to Channing and what is known as Channing Unitarianism requires a fuller presentation of his views of Jesus Christ, sin, the atonement, regeneration, and some other subjects, than is given in these Lessons. We are so confident, however, of Mr. Gannett's intention and ability to be perfectly just that we hesitate to make this criticism, lest the error be on our part and not on his.

THE only path to real success is that which lies along the line of duty.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

LISTEN to good thoughts; hear what they say. Holy thoughts are precious things, and, if not angels, they are God's messengers, and in that sense angels sent from God.

Puzzles.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(An old and renowned city.)

My first is in plum, but not in peach;
My second is in oak, but not in beech;
My third is in stone, but not in rock,
My fourth is in door, but not in lock;
My fifth is in old, but not in new;
My sixth is in rain, but not in dew.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals give the names of two cities in Southern Europe.

1. A building for manufacturing purposes.
2. Proof of having been elsewhere.
3. An article of wearing-apparel.
4. To steal.
5. A substance used for coloring.
6. A Spanish title.

PUZZLE.

I am a word of three syllables.
My first is a railway carriage.
My second is an article.
My third is the front of an army.
My whole is a company of travellers.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

ENIGMA NO. 1.

Bunker-Hill Monument.

ENIGMA NO. 2.

A wise son maketh a glad father.

PUZZLE.

Please, lease, ease, easel.

THE DAYSPRING

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